

The Trail

OCTOBER,
1926



NUMBER
SEVENTEEN

Three Books on America.....D. E. Cameron
Record Kemper H. Broadus
Gull Banding in Alberta..... Jack Lehmann
The Flying Mercury.....W. H. Alexander
Intelligence Test.

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THE REGISTRAR



No. 17, October, 1926

THE TRAIL

Edmonton, Alberta

MR. McMILLAN'S letter in this issue should receive the serious consideration of every Alumnus of the University of Alberta. The small ratio of members in good standing to the total number of graduates is alarming, and without doubt constitutes a real menace to the successful existence of the Association. The suggested solution of the difficulty therefore deserves thoughtful examination, and should be adopted if no better remedy can be found.

At the present time lack of funds hampers the Council in performing its main functions, viz., in issuing *The Trail* and in maintaining contact with the Alumni. Our Association ought not to appeal to the University for assistance in these matters; rather it should be vigorous enough to be self-supporting, and in fact to be ready to render at least moral support to the advancement of our Alma Mater. *This desirable end could be attained* if the Alumni would adopt Mr. McMillan's suggestion since, as he points out, there are nearly twelve hundred people who have received degrees from the University of Alberta.

The fact that graduates living in cities where a branch exists could support the Association without affiliating with the branch does not constitute a real barrier to the proposed scheme, in the writer's opinion. Rather would it be a stimulus to branch executives to maintain their identity. When the Association as a whole stands to benefit by such an arrangement it is not likely that any group of members will oppose themselves to it.

If each reader of these words will take

up his or her pen NOW to attack or defend the proposal there will be a real expression of opinion. Write to *The Trail* without delay. The welfare of the Association is at stake!

G. B. T.

PERHAPS it will be of interest to a number of the members of the Alumni Association—and it should be of deep concern to all—to know what the treasurer reported last May in regard to *paid-up* members. Here it is: General Association, 49; Edmonton Branch, 92; Vancouver Branch, 20; Calgary Branch, 16, making a grand total of paid-up members of 177.

When one considers that there are at least 1,100 living graduates of the University of Alberta and only 177 in good standing he cannot help but conclude that there is something radically wrong. The question is: What is it? If you, dear reader, can help to solve the problem—or think you can—of getting more fees and of injecting enthusiasm into our fellow graduates you will have helped the Council in its efforts to make the Association a live and growing body and will have brought honour and prestige to yourself.

LISTEN to this: "Few of our members appreciate the work the Council is doing, in fact very few know anything about it. I got quite a surprise when I attended their meeting in Edmonton, and found what a deep interest the Council took in the affairs of the Association and in the doings of the individual members." (From an alumnus letter.)

AS mentioned in the July issue of *The Trail*, President Tory was to conclude his discussion on Rural Credits in the third article which was to appear in this issue. Since the final decision of parliament has not been given on this important question, his article will not appear until some future date. It is hoped that this legislation will be dealt with and final decision reached by the present parliament when it convenes.

THE University librarian, Mr. D. E. Cameron, announces that the three files of *The News Letter* have been completed, and that thanks is due to those who assisted in the completion. The following numbers of *The Gateway* are still required: Volume 3, Number 2 (1 copy); Number 3 (2 copies); Number 5 (3 copies); Number 6 (3 copies); Number 8 (2 copies). Any member of the Association who has any knowledge of the above please communicate with the Librarian.

FOLLOWING the suggestion offered by Mr. Rudd in the November, 1925, issue of *The Trail*, the Association Council decided to publish the Alumni paper four times a year, between October and July. As a result the editorial staff is called upon to do more work; therefore the editor makes an appeal to the members of the Association to send in material including articles and news and to give help in the way of constructive criticism and suggestions.

THE editor regrets that he has found it necessary to place before the Association Council his resignation. At the October meeting of the Council, Mr. D. J. W. Oke, B.A. '26, was appointed to fill the position thus vacated. Mr. Oke will be responsible for the January and subsequent issues of *The Trail* for the year ending June 30th. *The Trail* is particularly fortunate in securing for editor a graduate who has such splendid capabilities and varied experiences.

THREE BOOKS ON AMERICA

J. F. C. Fuller: *Atlantis, America and the Future*.

C. H. Bretherton: *Midas, or the United States and the Future*.

Douglas Woodruff: *Plato's Americian Republic*.

These three little books, which have appeared in quick succession in the "Today and Tomorrow" series of pamphlets so brilliantly inaugurated by *Daedalus*, *Icarus*, and *Tantalus*, are sure to attract a good deal of attention. The mind of Europe is pretty much occupied with America at the present moment, and, as Rudyard Kipling is finding out, the treading is not any too good even for angels.

To take the first, the most caustic and least weighty of the books, Colonel Fuller tells us in *Atlantis* that as a school-boy he had pretty well made up his mind about America, and now that he has spent six whole weeks in the United States and Canada, he knows that he was right. The Colonel sprinkles his book liberally with

classical names, but his aim is not classical at all, but almost startlingly Western. He is out to tell the cock-eyed world that it is better to be a wild goat on the Acropolis than a tin-can king in Madison Square. His six weeks sufficed to inform him fully on things American; he knows all about the crime, the crooked customs officers, the blatant journalism, the beautiful women, and the crazy laws of the States; he lists the American Gods, reads the country's destiny, and casually discovers in the Middle West a Serbonian bog of ignorance, as dark as it is immense. He has the Monkey Trial, the jewification of New York, and the importance of the village pump down pat, and delivers his opinion roundly in good Berserker style. He intriguingly compares himself

to Jason and Columbus; he does not quite say it, but he came to the States to get an earful, and seems to have got it.

Plato's American Republic is, like *Atlantis*, very good reading. The Woodruff of the "great open spaces" does not disappoint us. He must have kept his eyes and ears open during his short visit to this continent, for he has not only many fresh and taking remarks to make, but here and there gets home with a piece of very acute criticism. He has lots of fun in making Socrates give his story of his lecturing tour through the States, and makes brilliant play with America's speed, its production mania, its business men's clubs, its frank worship of magnitude and numbers, its prohibition, and so on. Beneath all the fun lies a solid appreciation of many aspects of American life. His remarks on the regiment of women show acute observation, as do his analysis of the influence of the manufacturing north, and his reading of the results of the civil war. Mr. Woodruff will make no enemies, even among the people he pokes his fun at, and the worst that even the president of the Hootsville Business Men's Club will say of him is that he is a young rascal. The dialogue lapses now and then into trivialities, but is entertaining throughout, and that cannot be said of all books.

Mr. Bretherton, in his *Midas*, is more serious than either of the others, having lived too long in the States to be able to indulge in any of the "first fine careless raptures" of the six-weeks observer. His views are studied, and somewhat sombre. He speculates on what America will become when the Revolution blood has given place entirely to the admixture that has flowed in in the last century, and sees an Amercia that has forgotten its connection with Europe; government will finally be given over to specialists, and the busy citizen will not have the bother either of enduring the pains of bad government or of periodical cleansing of the stables; questions of creed and conduct will be settled by the majority, and the readiness with which the American falls into step with his crowd will lead to the time when conformity is virtue. Some

matters of conduct have been settled already by constitution vote, and if necessary matters of thought will follow. The fundamentalist controversy may be settled by putting the Bible in the constitution; the citizen may then go about his legitimate business. Mr. Bretherton does not anticipate that America will approximate by degrees to European interpretations of life; it will be the reverse, and Europe will follow in the path in which America has had a long start. He does not see from what quarter the barbarian hordes will come that will give the continent a fresh start.

These three books, entertaining as they are, raise the suspicion that none of them anywhere touches bottom. It is almost easier to feel immediately at home in strange quarters than in a familiar room that has been changed, and the changed look on the face of familiar things makes it hard for the European to appreciate the inwardness of American life. In this, as in comparative study of religion, serious fallacies and misjudgments arise. A religion in form strikingly different from ours may have great common content; resemblances may cover vast divergence. American civilization can not be judged from European standards, perhaps not even by an European. It can only be read from within, and is to be judged by its independent human value, and not by its accidental or imitative possession of the marks which have characterized the civilization of Europe. It is fatally easy to define the marks of the true church so as to rule one's own church in and all others out.

The fundamental fact about American civilization is that it is the product almost entirely of elected Europeans set in a new environment. All who came had to shake themselves foot-free from the ties of the old land; their courage or their need had to be equal to the strain. The new land offered this selected group almost unrestricted freedom, and freedom is the most fruitful cause of variation in human conduct. The new country had no past to dream about, and attached no rewards to the life of reflection. Its rewards were all attached to action on ma-

terial things. The American has thrown into this his energies of body and mind, has done it so wholeheartedly that his moral interests have been involved. The manly part has been to buckle down and forge ahead; his hope has been the hope of success; his thrills of pride and satisfaction have come from tasks accomplished. Material things are more tractable than things immaterial, so he has had little to check his feeling of self-reliance and optimism. His world is full of others like himself, towards whom he feels as one soldier in uniform does to another — hence his brotherliness, his clubs, his philanthropy, and his kind treatment of strangers.

He is tempted, perhaps, to think that all problems that may confront him are amenable to the method that has yielded him his chief success, and attributes to constitutions and acts of legislature the miraculous powers of his mechanical creations. He is laughed at by Europeans who do not understand him for his reverence for size and numbers, but this, too, has inwardness, or spiritual meaning. He knows the significance of the unit, for he has helped there, and the triumph of the million makes him exult. He is right in this, for this is spiritual vision, and only the unintelligent will keep laughter on tap for him. If he is wrong, it is in his estimation of the unit, or in the disproportion between his respect for quantity and his desire for quality. Having come successfully through the years of development without conscious dependence on the sanctions of the old countries, he tends to develop his own when he finds the need of them; hence the original sects he fosters, and his trust in majority opinions, which are as funny to the European as the first velocipede was to the man who rode Dobbin. The inwardness of them is to be found in the fact that the American does not feel the "cultural control" of old things, but insists on the forthright personal reaction on the universe. This may be one of the brightest openings offered by this civilization.

Our Englishmen err greatly when they say the American has no use for

liberty. He has a different angle on it only; his eye is on liberty to pursue his own work without diversions or hindrances, and the question of liberty to get drunk in peace does not fill his eye.

It has often been said that Presbyterianism is not a religion, but a disease, and there is more than a successful jibe in the saying. Similarly, Santayana tells us that to be an American is of itself almost a moral condition, and a career. When the first enthusiasm of material success comes to seem less satisfying, and accidie overtakes them as it fell on the Middle Ages, with its strained emphasis on spiritual routine, the Americans will of themselves make the required corrections, and a rounded civilization will appear, native, independent and spontaneous.

America is young, as civilizations go, and criticism from the security of old lands is a pleasant occupation, but one day America will see clearly which way she wants to go, and the sight of her going will make the old gods sit up.

D. E. CAMERON.



The Trail is published by the Alumni Association of the University of Alberta, and will appear four times a year.

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RECORD

By KEMPER H. BROADUS, M.A. '23.

This is a tale of the adventures of two Oxford students in their effort to break the canoe record from Oxford to London. That one of these students should have been an Anglo-Irishman seems an unwarranted invasion of the sanctity of Father Thames: that the other should have been a Canadian is the sheerest impertinence.

I first met Denys over teacups in the room of a young Bermudan. By virtue of the Irish blood in him, he was a natural teller of good tales, and for this occasion he had a noble one—a recounting of his wanderings by canoe from Oxford to Teddington Lock, just above London. He and the Bermudan had paddled for thirty-one hours, he said, down flooded

ways, passing through innumerable locks, checking their unwieldy craft against the pull of many weirs and side-streams of the elaborate Thames water system. His companion had had enough of it, but he—well, the record for the trip was twenty-nine hours, fifty minutes, and he was sure that somebody ought to break it. He had already snared me, had he but known it, even without pressing upon me the fascinations of a record so obviously there for the breaking. We went out and pledged ourselves to the attempt in good Mitre ale. There was to be no easy going this time—no chance-chosen canoe and no soft muscles. I began to feel that I had rather let myself in for something.



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OGDEN'S LIVERPOOL

That thought recurred more than once during the weeks that followed—grueling weeks, when every afternoon saw us paddling vigorously, working for unison in the long slow drive of the paddle that lifts a canoe forward with such apparent ease.

“Ye streams of Oxford, our moist Oxford, say

Have ye not seen us paddling every day?”

No Falstaffian lighter this time, but sixteen feet of Canadian canoe, strong, light, and fast; picked with anxious care from some twenty of its fellows, and powered by Canadian-made paddles, long, thin, and springy, so different from the young oak logs which are part of the equipment of most hire canoes in the old country.

The first day of the vacation saw us in the midst of the final preparations—the making of sandwiches in incredible numbers, the purchasing of milk and chocolate, and the arrangement of an electric headlight—for we were to start at night, thinking—somewhat mistakenly, as it turned out—that we knew the upper part of the river, and so could conserve our daylight for the end of the journey. After nightfall a few friends came down with us to see the start, and to make a note of the time of starting.

At eight o'clock of a windless, moonlit night we shoved off from below the dark arches of Folly Bridge and moved comfortably downstream through the silvered water. There was no hurry—that would come later. Now, with our muscles fresh and moving easily, we could spare the energy to look about us. One impression came then that remained vivid for many months after—the feeling of dark silence and peace, through which the river, awake and whispering, was tunnelling its way. Out of this silence grew the mutter of broken water at Iffley Lock—then the grating of our boat on the rollers, and, a moment later, the toss and reel of the weir where it strikes back into the parent stream, the swirling water brightened for a moment by the swinging beam of our little headlight. Then the silence closed round us again.

By daylight these waters would have been familiar. Even at night a few landmarks remained, pale in the white moonlight—a haystack looming where, many harvests ago, there might have stood another, forage for the horses of the cavalier troops stationed at Oxford, that home of all lost causes. There are still royalists among the students—earnest youth who gather to take port together in the evenings in honour of the King—no foreigner, mark you, but the rightful Stuart, who “shall enjoy his own again” in the happy future. Strange enthusiasts, these, whose cavalier convictions usually blossom only under the influence of the tradition of the colleges whose plate was melted down to swell the shrinking coffers of the royalists. Some of the swagger of the type remains with them: they prefer wine to the sadder ale, and have learned to shout “God send this Crum-well down!”

A river, easily navigated in good light, becomes a confused and malevolent thing after the moon has set. There are no lights—lock-keepers are long since in bed, and there are wet pitfalls for the feet of the unwary. Unwary I must have been, for in the small hours of the night I stepped off the lip of the tow-path waist-deep into icy water. Denys was unkind enough to be highly amused: the things I said seemed to please him. I have heard him use some of them since, shamelessly and without quotation marks.

There is a time in the early morning, about an hour before the first light comes, when the night seems blacker than ever before. There is no moon; the stars are growing tired of their vigils, and the water and banks and trees are all one dreadful darkness, shadowless and without guiding outlines. Our headlight chose this time to die. The spare battery, soaked with water shipped in an unusually rough weir-stream some miles back, was useless. We blundered, hopelessly lost, ramming the mud and reeds of the low banks. Denys grunted disgustedly as he shoved us off for the fifth time.

“What the devil’s the good of this?” he demanded. “Let’s have a nap.”

So we lay and shivered through the

hour when vitality is lowest, and wished we had never been born. But slowly the darkness drew back, and the first pale dawn of the new day showed in the east. We took heart again, and breakfasted on ham sandwiches, and milk cold enough to wrinkle the stomach of an Eskimo. The town of Reading, roughly a half-way point in the trip, appeared a few miles away, and we celebrated with cigarettes the realization that we were, in spite of delays, a few minutes ahead of schedule.

By this time we had reached the point of fatigue beyond which there is no coherent thought. What impressions remain are wholly disjointed: scattered images, with no sense of time to place them. There was a great dam and lock system above Henley, where Denys had narrowly escaped disaster on his previous trip. We decided to take it comfortably—we were weary of portages and weirs by that time. "Lock ahoy! Lock-a-lock-a-lock!" The big gates swung wide, then

closed behind us, and we sank slowly down to the new level. The gates before us opened, and we shoved stiffly out into the lower stream. Henley itself appeared a little town of red-tiled roofs clustering along the shore to our left. The edge of the stream was lined with moored pleasure craft, deserted now, but soon to be crowded almost to sinking with spectators of the regatta.

From Henley to Windsor I can remember nothing save a mile-long stretch where the wind, dead astern for once, shoved us along without the aid of paddles. Then Windsor itself, where the banks are lined with trees, and where we portaged across a narrow island, to drop the canoe over a concrete lip six feet down to the stream. She lost a little varnish here.

The lower reaches of the Thames, wide and wind-swept, with long stretches that tempted us to speed. I remember that we were very tired then, and that we grunted as the paddles dug deep, and

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that the blades splashed us as they ticked small wave-tops. Then sunset beyond a row of cottages: darkness, lights along the shore, and the joy of going through the last lock.

The last stretch of water above Teddington was, if I remember rightly, supposed to be five miles long, but the miles lengthened interminably, and the paddles were very heavy. We were swinging automatically now, and the canoe seemed lifeless, dragging as if towing a log of wood. Several times lights in the distance seemed to promise the end, only to become the windows of cottages as we neared them. When the lock at Ted-

dington finally appeared, it came as a distinct shock, like the breaking of a dream.

There is a little pub called the Fisherman's Arms a few blocks from the Teddington landing place, where we ordered whiskey, and later hot soup and beds. In that pub occurred the only accident of the trip. Denys, having been brought up in the English fashion, took a bath before going to bed, and—superb anticlimax—fell asleep in it, and narrowly escaped drowning!

The trip had taken us twenty-five hours.

INTELLIGENCE TEST

Every Alberta Graduate is requested to answer the following questions, tear out this sheet and send it to the Treasurer, Alumni Association, University of Alberta, Edmonton:

1. Do you think it worth while keeping the Alberta Alumni Association alive?
2. If question 1 is answered "Yes", state how the Association can be kept alive without money.
3. Do you want "The Trail" sent to you regularly?
4. If you want "The Trail," are you willing to help pay for it?
5. Do you know that the Alumni Council may be compelled to stop sending you "The Trail" unless you pay your fees?

N.B.—This is for defaulters only. Payment of fees will be taken as a sufficient answer to all questions.

GULL BANDING IN ALBERTA

By JACK LEHMANN, B.Sc. '25.

Did you ever hear of the Franklin gull? He's a most beautiful bird, with an unbeautiful song, and most unbeautiful children. All authorities to the contrary. Perhaps I do the baby gulls an injustice, but as the day wore on and the heat didn't those wretched little squirming beasts became more and more unpleasant. More of that later. To begin with, it should be stated that Professor Rowan had an idea. In brief, it consisted of the following: thousands of gulls—Beaverhills lake—ten thousand bands and a few dozen enterprising students. Now when this idea was properly put together it meant that on one July morning about a dozen of the enterprising youngsters (including several members of the University staff) bounced away over the Tofield road bent on banding the young Franklin gulls. "Banding," as we learned later, meant chasing a baby gull—or more often a not so baby one, catching the thing, and placing on its leg an aluminium band. Each band was stamped with, "Notify Biol. Surv., Washington, D.C." and a number. The numbers had been carefully recorded. You see it now? Any banded gull which came to grief would furnish a clue to the migratory habits of its colony, provided always that someone found the unfortunate bird and sent the metal ring to Washington.

Arrived at the lake, we decided unanimously that a swim was the most important thing—wonderful beach at the bird reserve. Then, after a meal, we donned our various wading costumes. It can safely be said that no two were alike. The only essential was a pocket to hold the packages of bands, and most of us wore just that. Those who had been on a previous trip included a hat; shoes were optional, we began with them, but after a few steps found ourselves not only shoeless, but sockless as well.

From our camp it was only a few hundred yards to the gulls' breeding

ground which comprised a bay, a nice shallow bay where the reeds grow tall, and the foot or two of water conceals several feet of mud—cool, oozy mud. It was in the reeds that the young gulls lived, and into the reeds we went. At first it was easy; splash after a gull, catch it, and hunt for another. But as we worked towards the far end of the bay the birds were more often encountered and no sooner was one breathless chase completed than another began. Have you ever tried chasing an actively swimming young gull through two feet of mud and one foot of water? It's most amazingly awkward. Water from the knees up, mire from the knees down, and every now and again one foot sticks fast; sit in the mud if lucky, lie in it if not, bound to be soaked anyway. In the really populous regions gulls were much more numerous and the openings in the reeds were larger. There it was necessary to hold three or four wriggling birds in one hand while the other groped for the metal rings. But that was not so bad as floundering after an older youngster, chasing him through several lanes of open water, and falling on him triumphant only to find that some other "bander" had already handled him. There was a very real temptation in such cases to slip a band on the other foot as well.

After an hour or so we abandoned individual efforts. Marshalled in line formation, we waded slowly through the reeds driving ahead of us hundreds of the baby gulls. Then when a sandy stretch of shore was reached, one end of the line curved in, forcing the birds up on the open ground. There we pounced on them. They were courageous little beggars once cornered, hissing and snapping at the hands that grasped them, and more often than not, closing their harmless little beaks on their own wildly

(Continued on page 11)



THE FLYING MERCURY

The class of 1926 has done the University the great favor and itself the signal honor of presenting to its Alma Mater, by way of graduating gift, a very fine copy of Giovanni da Bologna's *Flying Mercury*; *The Trail* provides a photograph herewith. It is proposed that this statuette—in bronze, by the way, like its original—shall occupy one of those two semi-circular recesses in the entrance-hall of the Arts building which have long awaited, I shall not say occupants, but suitable occupants.

The work in question, the *Flying Mercury*, is a sixteenth century production, and hence far removed in time from the Classic and Golden Ages of Greek art, but in conception and execution it deserves to rank with the achievements of antiquity; in sixteenth century Italy this was a possibility as it had not been for nearly two thousand years. "Les vrais dieux," says Anatole France, "rappelés de leur long exil, revenaient habiter la terre," and it was natural that a child of the Italian Renaissance should so successfully body forth one of them again.

The statuette represents Mercury (Hermes) poised on one foot; the foot rests, by a quaint conceit, on the very lips of a wind-god, as if the messenger deity were just being launched into the air with a favoring puff. It is a projection in bronze of the description furnished by Vergil in the fourth Aeneid (II.238-245) where the god is shown with ankle-wings (*talaria*) and herald's wand (*virga*) setting forth to deliver Aeneas, who dallies at Carthage, the will of Jupiter that he depart.

The original, much smaller than our copy, rests in the Bargello at Florence, where it receives the just admiration of the thousands. For it was in Florence that the Frenchman, Jean Boulogne, a native of Douai (1524), settled down in 1553 for more than a half century of service to the beautiful city by the Arno, a service interrupted only for short intervals by commissions calling him to Pisa, Genoa, and Bologna. So thoroughly did he become identified with the city of his choice that his very name took on the flowing glory of the Tresean speech, and he became Giovanni da Bologna.

In that same 'city of the soul,' and a very short distance from the Bargello, will be found in the Piazza della Signoria his powerful equestrian statue of Cosimo de' Medici, also in bronze, and in the immediately adjacent Loggia dei Lanzi his *Rape of the Sabine Women*, in marble. These alone would constitute Giovanni what Carlyle might be imagined calling in his careful Scotch fashion "a very considerable artist."

To the halls of the University of Alberta the generosity of the class of 1926 has brought a most creditable copy of an important work of this master, and those of us who are to have the daily privilege of enjoying its beauty—a beauty of bold conception and unfaltering technique—are infinitely grateful. To create for ourselves that atmosphere of beauty which is the heritage of the Old World is an immense task, but it is just that much less the immense for having been happily begun.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

GULL BANDING IN ALBERTA

(Continued from page 9)

flapping feet. It took but a second to slip on the band, close it, and snatch up another gull.

When at last we came staggering back to camp many and violent were the resolutions passed. Many of the party vowed by a surprisingly varied number

of saints never to enter the reeds again; but even these, the most weary, revived wonderfully under the influence of tea, and we dropped off to sleep with only a mild aversion for the next day's work. It was a lovely night in spite of the hopeless optimists who persisted in crawling out every hour or so to make sure of seeing the dawn. They need not

have bothered really—Professor Rowan was more than equal to that job. Several hours before that unwanted spectacle arrived we were routed from our blankets, more hands were pressed into our reluctant hands, and with many lamentations we shivered into our still damp clothes.

During the night the water had grown colder, the mud had grown deeper, and the gulls had become more active. Several hours of work followed, not so tiring this time. We had served our apprenticeship, and now regarded ourselves as experts. Instead of groping frenziedly for a lost shoe we merely discarded the other and went merrily on—until we trod on an old reed root. The morning went very slowly nevertheless, and as the sun climbed higher we felt the old distaste for the work returning. Just when further chasing seemed an impossibility, the final

“drive” was organized. Unfortunately many of the workers had already disappeared in the direction of the camp; only four or five remained. Such things are details. I would like to say, “the indefatigable energy of the survivors . . .” and so on. In reality, all that mattered was that every step brought us nearer camp, and if the wretched gulls wanted to swim ahead that was their misfortune. We caught them all eventually.

With the banding completed our spirits rose again. Breakfast came before anything, of course, and then the luxurious lazing in the shade of the tent. We had worked, we had been fairly driven by our tireless leader, but when it was all over and we could look back at our labor, it had all been most wonderful fun. And now if any one suggests gull banding to me again, I’ll start out with exactly the same joyful anticipation.

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Address

CAMPUS NOTES

Once more the beginning of things with initiatory ceremonies over and done with. An increasing hostility on the part of the undergraduates to such annual performances came to a head in a resolution submitted to the Union to the following effect:

"Resolved, that initiation as at present practised at the University of Alberta be abolished.

"That a committee of twelve students be appointed forthwith to bring to this Union a complete recommendation covering future practices in the admission of freshmen to campus and academic activities."

We are glad to report that the resolution was adopted with a three to one vote, by the 400 members present.

President and Mrs. Tory are at present in Japan, President Tory bearing Canada's greetings to the triennial Pan-

Pacific Congress, which is being held at Tokio during November.

The University keeps apace with the times. The new garage is just finished, a low-lying building in behind the power plant. The frame buildings behind Athabasca Hall have been demolished, and the carpenters now keep their tools in a frame building attached to the new garage.

Professor Rowan, of the Department of Zoology, has recently received a grant from the Royal Society in recognition of his work on bird migration.

Early in September a life-sized portrait in oils of Dr. R. G. Brett, former lieutenant governor of Alberta, was presented to the University on behalf of the Medical Faculty.

It is good to see Mr. Race about the halls again. He is not yet able to resume work as Registrar, but is giving his lectures in Accountancy as usual. Professor

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Sheldon is acting Registrar in the meantime.

Mr. Lowell Thomas, whose Alma Mater includes the Universities of Indiana, Denver, Chicago and Princeton, was a guest of honor of the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association of the University of Alberta during his recent stay in Edmonton. In his after-luncheon address he gave many incidents of his association with Colonel Lawrence and General Allenby. He spoke briefly of his recent world flight, and emphasized the value of aviation to Canada.

A. E. Cameron, Associate Professor of Mining Engineering, received the D.Sc. degree in June at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Professor and Madame Sonet are back from France after a six months' absence during which time Professor Sonet received the Doctorate at the University of Rennee.

Chicago had quite an Alberta colony this summer. Among those present were: Miss Misener, Miss E. Deadman, Miss S. Dowding, Miss E. Prevey, Miss Hughes, Miss G. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Lazerte, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, J. R. Fryer, G. H. Steer and R. McQueen. Mr. Owen received the Doctorate during the summer, and has been appointed to an Associate Professorship in German.

Mr. W. M. Drummond, who resigned from the Department of Economics last year to leave for further study, has been succeeded by J. F. Day, a graduate of the University of Chicago.

The latest acquisition to the University is a Radio Broadcasting Studio! Thus do we keep up to date in everything that is worth while. As in the case of other modern inventions (such as the "movies") the educational value of radio was not at first apparent. It is now becoming increasingly evident, however, that a new and very effective method of taking the University to the people has been discovered.

The University of Alberta through its Department of Extension made arrangements with the Edmonton Journal station CJCA in the fall of 1925 for broadcasting

privileges, and in December last the first of a series of Monday evening lectures was given. This lecture program has been continued practically without interruption up to the present, and further arrangements were recently made for an expansion of the program.

This involved the provision of a studio, the principal difficulty in the furnishing of which was the necessity of a good piano. Through the kindness of Mr. Davis, of the Heintzman Piano Co.'s Edmonton Branch, this difficulty was overcome, and on Monday evening, Oct. 11th, an inaugural program of a high standard was broadcast. This included an opening address by Hon. Perren Baker, Minister of Education, other speakers being Rev. Bro. Rogation, Principal of the new St. Joseph's College on the University grounds, and A. E. Otte- well, Director of the Department of Extension. A good musical program was also presented, and a news bulletin of University activities. The latter feature,

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it is hoped, will be broadcast every week. This should be popular with the Alumni, serving to bring to mind old scenes and pleasant memories. The University of Alberta studio will "go on the air" at 8:30 each Monday evening until further notice.

Registration this year is a little to the good side, being about 20 ahead of last year. Enrollment in the professional faculties is very satisfactory, there being for example 30 students in first year medicine and but a few less in first year engineering.

The work on St. Joseph's College goes forward steadily, the outside brickwork being about completed.

The Provincial Government has granted a loan of \$20,000 to the University towards the erection of a covered skating rink, the money to be repaid in annual instalments by the students. The rink will be ready for December 15th, and is being built on 112th Street between 83rd and 84th Avenues.

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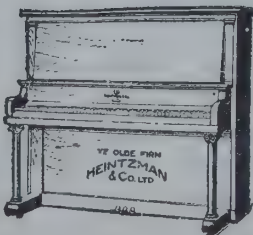
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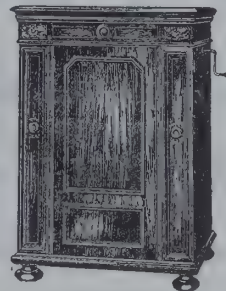


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The skull, scalp and one forefoot of Myrtle, the elephant which escaped from the Sells-Floto circus in August and later died from hunger and exposure, now furnish an addition to the Zoological Department of the University.

Professor Stansfield, Research Professor in Fuels, has been appointed Provincial Representative to the Conference on Bituminous Coals, to be held at Pittsburgh, November 15-19, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

B.C. vs. ALBERTA

This year the British Columbia Canadian Rugby Union entered the Western Canada Union. University of Alberta, winning the Alberta title by default, goes to B.C. to play on the 13th of November. Their opponents will be Victoria, but the game will be played in Vancouver.

NOTICE

The University Dramatic Society is starting a scrap book of all the available programs and press comments of all the dramatic productions at the University since its foundation. Any members of the Alumni Association or other readers of **The Trail** who desire to assist in the compilation of the book, are invited to send contributions to Don MacKenzie, care of the University Post Office.

A valuable contribution of twenty-four programs from Mr. John T. Jones has done much to assist the society in its aim, but the collection is still, of course, far from complete. In case programs or criticisms are being kept as personal souvenirs, the Dramat would welcome even copies of the sacred relics.

The scrap book will designate to whose courtesy the society is indebted for each item, and will be available for reading in the University library.

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ADDRESSES OF THE FOLLOWING
ALUMNI

Do you know where these Alberta graduates are? If so, please advise the Secretary of the Association, Mr. G. B. Taylor, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Miss A. A. Anderson, '21 and '23.

L. K. Blain, '21 and '23.

J. Boyd, '21.

A. C. Bradford, '24.

Miss T. Butchart, '22.

N. Chrishop, '24.

A. Donaldson, '22.

S. Edworthy, '22.

J. D. Ferguson, '24.

G. L. Flack, '19 and '20.

L. Good, '22.

M. E. Jean-Richard, '23.

H. C. Johnston, '22.

G. R. Johnson, '23.

Miss E. Lake, '20.

C. Laws, '25.

S. Leonard, '19.

R. Lillico, '20.

Miss D. MacLean, '24.

W. J. MacLeod, '23 and '24.

W. R. McDougall, '21.

R. B. MacGillivray, '20.

Mrs. R. McIntyre (née Sybil Sprung)
'21.

D. M. McRae, '24.

J. E. Meagher, '21.

G. M. Miller, '26.

L. H. Manzer, '21.

M. B. Palmer, '23.

G. C. Paterson, '24.

D. F. Pegrum, '22, '24.

S. C. Robinson, '23.

C. E. Ruddy, '24.

J. Russell, '22.

S. H. Sands, '20.

S. Sawula, '22.

E. Smith, '18, '24.

W. G. Saltau, '20.

Mrs. R. B. Stillman, '19.

N. M. Stewart, '23.

Rev. D. M. Thompson, '18.

G. E. Thompson, '24.

M. A. Tuck, '24.

Miss Ruth Williams, '21.

J. Yak, '24.

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THE LITERARY JACKPOT

As the name suggests, this corner of *The Trail* will welcome contributions from any graduates concerning things literary. Reviews should not exceed 250 words.

Pioneering in the Prairie West, by W. C. Pollard (Nelson & Sons).—We recommend this publication to all who are seeking rudimentary information on the settlement and present problems of our western provinces. The author tells us that "the world now wants to know the kind of people who made the country, how they lived, how they dressed, how they conducted society for social intercourse, and what they did for amusement and recreation." Accordingly he gleans from his own experience at Fort Saskatchewan, where he came as a boy with the Parry Sound colony "that settled near Edmonton, N.W.T., in the early nineties."

Mr. Pollard is at present a solicitor in the town of Uxbridge, Ontario, was called to the bar in Alberta in 1912, and got his LL.B. in 1916, after which he practised law in Calgary.—J.A.

Lolly Willowses or The Loving Huntsman, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (New York: The Viking Press, 1926, \$2.00).—An interesting little study of the psychology of a "surplus" woman who makes erratic attempts to live her own life in spite of her all-pervading family. The book is pleasing in style and affords us glimpses of quaint village life in England, but on the whole we cannot agree with Christopher Morley's verdict that it is "a remarkable little novel; that most pungent and cordially satisfying kind of thing that one hugs to one's tenderest rib and thinks gloatingly how few readers will really get it." We feel that we are not numbered among this favored few; for us Laura loses her reality and much of her charm when she begins her vague dealings with the unconvincing Satan of the story.—G.H.T.

Hypatia or Woman and Knowledge, Mrs. Bertrand Russell.—One of the little series Today and Tomorrow. An answer to *Lysistrata*, by Ludovici the anti-feminist. For the most part Mrs. Rus-

sell's points seem to be well taken, and any over emphasis may be pardoned in face of the prehistoric views of her opponent.—G.H.T.

In *Roman Pictures*, by Percy Lubbock, the scene is laid in the Eternal City, but the actors are the eternally human whose little pomps and vanities might be equally well displayed in any other part of the globe. Yet somehow, through all the humor of the sketches, a very real impression of Rome does emerge, though figures as to dates, heights of towers, etc., are not forthcoming. The view we get from Teresa's balcony in the Via Della Purificazione is none the less vivid for being incidental.—G.H.T.

The unfinished state of Conrad's novel *Suspense* gives the title a peculiar signi-

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ficance. No one will ever know now to a certainty the destination of that mysterious felucca in the harbor of Genoa to which the ancient boatman, as his last earthly act, guided the little boat. Like the old boatman's, the master writer's star is now out, but unlike his, there are many to miss it from the sky and mourn its departure.—G.H.T.

Two books published by The Atlantic Monthly Press: *My African Neighbors*, by Hans Coudenhove, and *African Clearings*, by Jean Kenyon McKenzie, are a pleasant contrast to most travel books of recent date, both in style and matter. They represent the findings of many years actually lived in the parts of the dark continent with which they deal, rather than the superficial observations of tourists. Miss McKenzie's style is perhaps deliberately unusual, but there is a haunting quality to her work, especially in such a sketch as "Exile and the Post-

man," which takes one into the very atmosphere of the tropical forests. The unassuming simplicity of Coudenhove's more scientific version has its own attraction. Essays from both these books appeared in The Atlantic Monthly previous to their collection in book form.—G.H.T.

The Little French Girl by Anne Sedgewick.—Woven about the appealing figure of the *Little French Girl* who as a lonely little visitor was sent to England from her beloved France, is a charming and quite serious study of the French and the English character. In this study the author is continually stimulating an enquiring attitude toward social convention and the accepted values of right and wrong. But the book is by no means a treatise. It is most of all the story of how Alex grows up in understanding because of an unshakable loyalty to her mother and a great love for her friend, Giles.—M.H.G.

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THE LETTER BOX

163 Sanford Ave. N.,
Hamilton, Ontario.
Aug. 2nd, 1926.

The Editor of *The Trail*,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton.

Dear Sir:

While in Edmonton recently I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Council of the Alumni Association. When the other business of the meeting was finished I opened a short discussion regarding membership and membership fees. Following the discussion I was asked by the Council to write to *The Trail* repeating the arguments and suggestions made at the Council meeting. Hence this letter.

According to the present constitution a branch member in good standing pays a yearly fee of one dollar, which is forwarded to the treasurer of the central association, plus whatever sum the branch decides to assess each branch member for the operation of the branch. In the Edmonton and Calgary branches the assessment is one dollar, making the membership fee two dollars. A member, living where there is no branch, becomes a "member at large" in good standing by payment of a yearly fee of two dollars to the central association.

The total membership of the association is approximately eleven hundred and fifty, of whom, I believe, only about one hundred and fifty are in good standing. The large majority of members in good standing are branch members. The small ratio of members in good standing to total members is due, I think, to two reasons. First, *The Trail* is sent to all members whether in good standing or not; second, the fee for members-at-large

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is out of proportion to what they receive.

Until this year it has been necessary to send *The Trail* to all members of the association, as the advertisers are guaranteed a circulation of one thousand copies. With the addition of Class '26 to the association it is now possible to meet this guarantee without sending *The Trail* to all members, and with each succeeding year this will become easier. In this way the first of the reasons previously mentioned can be gradually eliminated.

Referring to the second reason, it is obviously unfair that branch members and members-at-large should pay the same fees, in fact, under the constitution it would be quite possible for branch members to pay smaller fees than members-at-large. The members-at-large receive only *The Trail* and the ballot paper, and they do not have the privileges of the meetings or associations which the branch members have.

Apart from general operating expenses, the central executive has two financial responsibilities, namely, *The Trail* and the banquet to the graduating class. The banquet should be, and is, entirely self-supporting. Part of the cost of *The Trail* is met by the revenue from advertising. The fees of the central association should therefore be sufficient to cover the general operating expenses and part of the cost of *The Trail*. If the number of members in good standing could be materially increased a yearly fee of one dollar would be ample, in my opinion, for the above purpose.

In view of the foregoing I suggest that the constitution be amended to allow members to become "members-at-large in good standing" upon payment to the central association of a yearly fee of one dollar. If a member lives where there is a branch he, or she, could either join the central association as a member-at-large having no branch affiliation or, by paying the branch assessment in addition to the one dollar to be forwarded to the central executive, become a branch member in good standing. This change, coupled with sending *The Trail* to members in good standing only, would result, I think, in the desired increase in the number of such members.

This proposed change in yearly membership fees would necessitate a change in the life membership fees. In this connection, I think that life membership should be in the central association only, and that the fee should be twenty dollars. A life member could become affiliated with any branch by paying yearly the branch fees.

I have gone to considerable length in an endeavor to make clear my suggestions and the reasons underlying them. I trust this letter will not be too long for publication, and I hope that it will arouse the interest of other members sufficiently to cause several of them to write *The Trail* commenting or improving on the suggestions I have made.

Yours very truly,

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SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

Marjorie Sherlock, B.A. '26, is lecturing at the University in the Department of English.

Joe O'Brien, LL.B. '26, is representing Wood & White in Leduc, and Val Milvain, '26, is articulated with Vertue & Patterson in Lethbridge.

Marion Gimbey, '26 is teaching history in the High School at Red Deer.

Neil Primrose, '26, is articulated with Friedman & Lieberman.

C. O. Asplund, B.S.A. '26, is teaching in the Agricultural school at Raymond.

J. A. MacDonald, B.Sc. '24, left Hamilton for Northern Ontario, and is working for a pulp and paper mill contractor. Kapustasing is his stopping place.

L. S. MacDonald, '15, is with the Hamilton Bridge Company.

Susie McLennan, B.Sc. '22, Physical Instructor at Mt. Vernon High school, Washington, paid a visit to Edmonton friends during the past summer.

Grace Stewart, M.A. '20, Ph.D. (Chicago), paid a visit to Edmonton during the summer and looked up old acquaintances. Dr. Stewart is connected with the department of geometry at the Ohio State University.

Gladys Buchanan Morgan and daughter Helen are spending the winter in Los Angeles, California.

Marion Cato, '26, and Lilian Cram, '24, report a wonderful trip through England, France, Greece and Italy. Marion is on the teaching staff of Eastwood High school, Edmonton, and Lilian is at the King Edward.

Margaret McAllister, '16 has joined the Technical High school staff at Edmonton.

Morrison Watts, '26, is on the faculty of Crescent Heights High, Calgary.

Ethel Cobb, '26, is teaching in the High School at Macleod.

Eva Jagoe, '26, is teaching in the High School at Didsbury.

Grace Atkinson, '26, is teaching in the High School at Olds.

Jean Auger is in the lab. of the Calgary General Hospital.

Kathleen Ferguson has torn herself away from sunny California, and is back in Calgary again. She is in the office of the firm of Doctors McEachern, Merritt, McCalla, etc.

Miss Lillian Cobb is back in Paris at the Sorbonne, working towards a doctorate.

Fred Young, '15, is teaching at the Technical School, Calgary.

George Robinson, whom some of us remember in his official capacity in Math. 3, is teaching at the C.C.I.

Mamie Silverthorne and Georgie Thomson are on the staff of the Calgary Public Library.

Calgary asks: "I wonder what's become of Charlie, that old president of ours." Nobody seems to know. He hasn't been seen since Western Canada College was disbanded.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baker are back in Calgary, living at 1324 12th Ave. W.

Alf Clarke, Arts and Sc. '24, and Dunc Thomas, Ag. '25, are this year entering upon the last lap of their race for the M.Sc. in genetics and plant breeding.

Margaret C. Archibald, Arts '22, is in New York City. Her address is 140 Claremont Avenue. Miss Archibald sent her fees from New York. How about it, Calgary and Edmonton?

Wilf Robinson, '26, spent the summer in the plant breeding section of the Department of Field Husbandry, and is beginning his graduate studies in genetics this fall.

E. C. Stacey, Arts and Sc. '24, continued during the summer his survey of the native grasses of the Peace River country, and plans to present a report to the Committee on Graduate Studies this year.

Among those who have paid their fees are Jean McKittrick, D. S. Simpson, Lucille Barker, Gordon L. Kidd, Dorothy Smith, H. E. Smith, James McMillan, Freda Smith.

W. P. Campbell, M.Sc. '25, is at Trail, B.C., and is connected with the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, in the assay office. This company is the largest in non-ferrous production in the world. A number of U. of A. men are already there.

"Bob" Hollies is in Los Angeles, California, and his address is 449 South Berendo Street.

Frank Grindley, Sc. '26, is back in Edmonton, having spent the summer with a C.N.R. survey north of St. Paul, Alberta.

A. K. Cox, '26, is with a provincial government bridge construction outfit.

Keith Muir, B.A., B.Sc. '26, is with Carter, Halls, Aldinger Company on the construction of the new Hudson's Bay store in Winnipeg.

Joe Ficht, "Fag" Malloch and Bill Martin, Ag. '24, obtained their M.Sc. degrees from the U. of A. last spring after two years of strenuous research. Ficht has been appointed science teacher at the school of Agriculture, Raymond, Alberta; Malloch is continuing his connection with the Department of Field Husbandry, but has obtained a year's leave of absence for further study at the University of Minnesota; Martin expects to follow him to that institution about the beginning of 1927, on the completion of the tenure of his Canadian Research Council fellowship.

A. W. McKechnie is at Strathmore, Alberta. Why, of course he paid his fees.

He knows "The Trail" cannot exist on mere good wishes.

Frank J. Newson, Law '26, is articled in the office of Woods, Field, Macalister & Craig, Edmonton. He is on the executive of the Edmonton branch, and has paid his fees.

"Andy" Anderson, visited his former home in England during the summer, but returned to the University about the middle of August, entering at once upon his research on the low temperature respiration of plants.

Jack Lehmann and Bill Cook spent the summer in rehabilitating an autocar abandoned during the siege of Fort Edmonton. Their proposal that all freshies should be forced to ride in it as a part of the initiation ceremony this fall was rejected as too hazardous.

Lorine Torgersen, '26, is at Wainwright. She has paid her fees. Go and do thou likewise.

Jimmy Manson, Ag. '26, found an outlet for his public speaking propensities in "bossing" the field gang of the Field Husbandry Department during the summer. Already he has begun preparations for his projected debate with a committee of graduate examiners.

Dr. Guthrie Sanford, Ag. '20, is now in charge of the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology at Saskatoon. His hobby is "root rots."

Bill Hanna, '22, has spent the past year or so at the U. of A. in search of the elusive "something" which makes certain wheat varieties immune to rust. "When found, make a note on."

Andy Cairns, '23, spent the latter part of the summer in the prairie provinces in connection with his investigations on co-operative wheat marketing. We had the pleasure of one or two visits from him at Edmonton. He returned to the University of Minnesota at the beginning of the academic year, to continue his graduate studies.

W. E. DeMille, Law '24, is married and living at 2009 Jarvis Avenue, Chicago, Ill. He has "the cutest baby girl this side of the U. of A." Bill is on the legal staff of the Union Trust Company of Chicago. He has paid all his fees.

Leslie V. Bell, B.Sc. '25, has spent the past summer with the Geological. His permanent address is 2148 Pentland Road, Victoria, B.C. He has paid his current fees. Have you?

Len Huskins, Ag. '23, 1851 Exhibition Scholar, who has been continuing the genetical studies begun at the U. of A. with Professor Ruggles Gates in London, spent a profitable summer visiting a number of continental laboratories in which distinguished researches on genetics are going forward. He was accompanied, of course, by his good wife.

W. R. Brown, '23, is continuing his duties as science teacher at the School of Agriculture, Vermilion, Alberta.

Geo. L. Wilson, B.Sc. '23, is teaching at the Lethbridge High School. He has paid his fees. Why don't you pay yours?

Norman Lewis, '25, has been employed at the C.P.R. Irrigation Farm at Brooks this past summer.

Edith F. M. Martin, Arts '23, has paid all her fees to date. Just think what "The Trail" would be like if everyone did the same. Miss Martin's address is Stettler, Alta.

Jim Nicol is now on the permanent staff of the C.P.R. Engineering department, and is located at Calgary.

Andy Cairns, B.S.A. '23, was called from the University of Minnesota by the death of his father at Calgary in August. Andy is on the staff of the department of Political Economy at Minnesota.

Wilf Backman, Ag. '24, is farm manager of the Indian School at Morley Reserve.

Anne E. Wilson paid her fees in July. Why don't the rest of the combined course graduates follow her example?

W. A. Deeprise, Arts '26, paid his fees in August. His address is Beaver Lodge, Alberta. All the class '26 men should follow his lead and pay up.

Robert W. Harrison, Arts '26, wrote from St. Paul, Alberta. He enclosed his current fees.

W. D. Gentleman, B.Sc. '25, who visited his home in Coatbridge, Scotland, during the spring is now safely located on his own farm at Camrose.

Dr. Norman Clark, Ag. '18, looked in on the University for a day or two toward the end of September and renewed acquaintance with some of his old friends. Dr. Clark has been for some time a member of the chemical staff of the Iowa State College at Ames. Oh, yes, he has paid his fees. He always does.

Jack English paid his fees promptly. Wonder why the rest of the Commerce combine don't?

"Bobbie" Harrison, Law '26, is articled in the office of Milner, Matheson, Carr & Dafee, Edmonton.

G. R. Stevens (Roy), Arts '15, sent his fees all the way from Capetown, South Africa. It must seem funny to some of you the trouble some of these grads go to about fees. Stevie's address is: Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, Westminster House, Adderley and Longmarket Sts., Capetown, South Africa.

W. A. Kirkpatrick, Med. '26, was married on June 30, at Kingham, Ontario, to Margaret Porter.

Scotty Devlin has joined the agricultural department of the C.N.R. as assistant agricultural agent. This new work will entail a large portion of his time being spent in Alberta and British Columbia, and will also entail the management of all better-farming and better-livestock trains which are manoeu-

vered on the C.N. lines in the four western provinces.

"Rosie" Whitman and Mrs. Whitman are now residents of Hamilton. Rosie has a job with the Hamilton By-Product Coke Co. J. A. MacDonald, B.Sc. '24, who has been connected with the same company, reported that Rosie has a real good job with nothing to do and an assistant to help him do it.

W. H. Swift, Arts '24, paid his fees last July. If you haven't paid yours yet you're slow.

G. Allen Mail, Ag. '25, is connected with the department of Entomology and Economic Zoology at the University of Minnesota, having obtained an assistantship. He expects to be away for some years.

Wilfred Malahar, Ag. '25, who taught at Vermilion School of Agriculture last winter, returned to England on a visit to his home for three months during the summer. He is resuming his position at Vermilion.

Stan Barker, B.Com. '26, is at Harvard University, where he is continuing his studies.

Dr. Alex. Caldwell, who has been practicing at Empress, is now located at Entwistle.

Clarke Gordon, Arts '22, is one of the few graduates who has always paid his fees. He sent in this year's in July. His address is Forestburg.

Keith B. Tester, Ag. '24, is now at Honolulu connected with a large sugar company conducting research in irrigation methods and water requirements of growing sugar cane on their plantations in the Hawaiian Islands.

Edna Wallis, Arts '24, is teaching near Alliance.

Bert Rudd, Arts '23, Law '25, is assistant principal of the High School at Leduc. Bert has paid his fees.

Jack Bullock, Arts '26, is principal of a consolidated school near Red Deer.

Dr. W. J. McKinney is in Yonkers, New York. Here is another grad with a sense of what is fitting and proper. Yes—you guessed it—he paid his fees.

Johnny Walker is now assistant superintendent at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head. He has recently received his M.Sc. from Minnesota.

Bob Baker, B.Com. '24, became the daddy of a daughter on July 21. His wife was formerly Mary Main.

John Watsyck, Med. '26, is an interne at St. Boniface Hospital, Winnipeg. He was down in the States, but decided he liked the Canadian hospitals better.

D. J. W. Oke is at Varsity and has paid his fees.



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EDMONTON



Bruce Macdonald, '26, is pursuing work in Jurisprudence and Roman Law at Harvard with a view to his master's degree.

Mac Millard, 24, a promising lawyer of Bassano, spent a short time around the campus renewing old acquaintances and stirring up new ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stewart are settled in Peterboro and are living at 264 Hunter street.

Rev. Hubert Bosomworth, B.A. '15, pastor at Hardisty, suffered injury in August when he fell while helping a parishioner in the building of a house. His skull was fractured and splinters were found on his brain. Treatment was given at the Royal Alexandra Hospital. He is completely recovered.

H. Lynch-Staunton, Law '26, spent the summer at home on the ranch, but is now in a law office in Lethbridge. He paid his fees in July. It is almost certain that all Law '26 grads will pay theirs as soon as they read this.

Dixie Pelluet, '19, who spent a few weeks of the past summer with her parents in Edmonton, returned to Bryn Mawr college, Pennsylvania, where she will complete her studies.

Walter Herbert, LL.B. '26, late advertising manager of "The Trail," left Edmonton recently for Calgary, where he has made a new connection in his profession.

Heading the list of 545 entrants throughout the Dominion who sat for the civil service examination for the position, Clifford S. Bissett, '25 graduate in Commerce, with honours, and who gained a distinguished record overseas during the war, has been appointed Canadian trade commissioner to South Africa. Clifford made a tour of the west to study trade conditions with a view to furthering Canadian exports to South Africa before leaving for Capetown via London.

Phyllis McBeath, '25, is teaching at the Provincial Training school, Red Deer. She says: "I am still teaching my kiddies here, and find it more and more interesting the longer I stay with it." Her fees were welcome. So would yours be if you would send them in.

W. C. Richards, B.A. '26, is teaching in the Victoria High school, Edmonton.

Mrs. F. D. Facey (nee Cora Armstrong), B.A. '22, with her baby daughter, of San Fernando, California, passed through Edmonton during the summer en route home from the Muskoka Lakes, where they with Dr. Facey spent several weeks.

J. Macgregor Thom, '25, has been called to the bar of Alberta. Mac graduated with first-class honours from the law school. He is practising at Jasper.

Clifford Osterland, '26, has gone to Peterboro, where he will spend some time taking the Engineering Student's course given by the General Electric Company.

John T. Jones, M.A. '26, is at University College, Oxford, where he will spend two

years reading English in the Honors School of English Language and Literature.

Edith G. Hamilton, Med. '26, is an interne at Long Island Hospital, Boston, Mass. Miss Hamilton's cheque came all the way from Boston. Perhaps yours would not have to travel so far.

Clarence Campbell, 1926 Rhodes Scholar, is at Oxford University pursuing his law studies.

Jimmie Brown, is in attendance at the University of London, and is taking courses in the School of Economics, paying special attention to the statutes affecting industrial problems.

Dr. L. C. Chadsey, whose rhythmic and vigorous wrist action was much appreciated at the old Saturday night hops in the gym, and who was a leading figure in University musical circles, is practising medicine in Kananaskis, Alberta.

Bob Lamb broke his journey in Calgary for a few hours to display his increasing proportions, smoke a cigar with a few old classmates, and touch lightly on his very solid reasons for going to the coast. A few days later he and Lois Black were married, and they are now living in Portland, Ore.

Perry Hamilton crossed the 49th for a few days, and looked up some of the Old Guard. His adventures as an Oxford oarsman were a triumph of wit over brawn, and revealed talents which will no doubt bring success in the bitter strife of American business. Perry's headquarters are in Portland, Ore., and reading between the lines of his railway ticket leaves a doubt as to the security of his state of bachelorhood.

Jean Nicoll has returned from a three months jaunt through western Europe. After miles of galleries, museums and cathedrals, Jean depends without fear or shame on a stock of picture postcards when asked where she was and what she saw. Her most absorbing adventure was the quest for butter in France.

E. H. Buckingham and Cecil Tapp are inspecting feeds and seeds for the Dominion Seed Branch, over the wide field of Alberta and Northern B.C.

George V. Ferguson, of the "Free Press," Winnipeg, has been stealing a short holiday in Calgary from the world of finance. George can be stung into telling a good yarn as easily as when he tyrannized over Whizz Bang Alley, Athabasca Hall.

John W. McClung, late of Oxford and London, has returned home, and it is hoped will cast anchor in Calgary for a long time. John is still raking over the ashes of old well-remembered days in the U. of A. and has so far refused to commit himself on the Pan-European movement.

Archie MacGillivray, with the Ingersoll Rand Co., has moved his home to Calgary. His advent was hailed with joy by many old

classmates, who have fresh memories of the genial miner with his pipe and corduroys when, in the stirring post war era, he guided the Union through stormy seas and governed the Athletic Association with rare success. May we also recall how Archie stirred in the heart of many a frosh the lofty ambition to perform his hazardous feat of walking the rail of the gallery in Convocation Hall on Med. Night. Archie's address is 519 4th Ave. West.

Morley Watts is teaching in Crescent Heights High School. In the next issue we hope to reveal his cryptic activities more fully.

Jimmie Davidson has recently proved himself a doughty counsel in the field of patents infringement. Otherwise he is leading the undramatic but arduous life of a Calgary lawyer.

Ross Douglas and his wife, who was Sadie Treacy, are living in Milo, Alta., where Ross is the leading and only druggist, postmaster, fire chief elect, etc., etc. Incidentally, it may be pointed out as a warning to White Mud Creek hikers, that Ross met his fate at a "weiner roast" on the banks of the Elbow, where his robust talents as a bonfire songster and cheer leader no doubt helped to speed up the romance.

J. D. A MacDonald is still with the City Engineer's Department, Edmonton.

R. B. Bryden and A. A. Fraser are, from last reports, still with Koppers Co., Pittsburgh. Art has become a staunch supporter of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Dick is too busy to write very often.

S. K. Jaffary, Sci. '21, is with the Provincial Government Telephones and usually manages to get home for the week ends.

S. M. Blair, M.Sc. '24, who has been connected with the Industrial Research Department of the University, left in August on leave of absence to obtain practical experience in the oil industry, and is now working for the Universal Oil Products Company, Chicago. Letters will get him at 3520 Clinton Avenue, Berwyn, Ill.

Mrs. Russell Love (formerly Katie McCrimmon) spent ten days at Elgin House on the Muskoka Lakes during the summer as representative from Alberta on the board of religious education of the new United Church of Canada. Katie visited her aunt at the summer home of Sir Alex. McKenzie, Kincardine, returning later to her home in Irma.

"According to word received in the city this morning, Arthur J. Putland, B.A. '24, Mus. Bac., has been awarded a fellowship by the Canadian College of Organists, which is the highest standing that can be obtained by a church organist on this side of the Atlantic. The Canadian College of Organists was organized by Dr. A. Ham, F.R.C.O., a few years

ago, to advance church music, and also to increase the general knowledge and proficiency of organists and choirmasters. Its examinations are identical with those of the Royal College of Organists of England, and the same high standard is required of its graduates. Since coming to this city two years ago Mr. Putland has been prominent in furthering the cause of music in many ways. The introduction of music in the public schools was given into his hands by the local board of education; and at present he is engaged in working out the details of the system and acting as supervisor."—From "The Daily Times Journal," Fort William, July 30, 1926.

The majority of the 1925 Medical graduates are practising—Frank Law in Tofield, Bill Eadie in Vilna, Eldon Liesmer in Crossfield, Julius Grimson in Vancouver, and Bob Morrow in Westlock. Bob is leaving in November for post graduate work in New York. George Lewis and Carlton Lee have been interning for a year in the Skin and Cancer Hospital, New York. They are writing their state council exams this month. Johnnie Glenn has been resident interne in the University Hospital, Edmonton, since graduation. Leone McGregor has spent the year in the University Department of Pathology. Law, Liesmer, Grimson and Morrow are all married, and we hear that Weston, Eadie and Lewis soon will be. All the class were successful in passing the Dominion Council examinations.

Most of the 1926 Medical graduates are interning. Tom Michie and Mike Krause are in the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton; and Elizabeth Caswell and Ward are in the University Hospital. Ruth Lyness and Watsyk are in Winnipeg hospitals; Earnie Campbell is in the Vancouver General. Edith Hamilton is in Boston; Gordon Saunders is practising at Bowden, Bill Genereux at Vonda, Sask., and Ed. Kershaw at Gadsby. Matas and Strilchuk have gone to the States. Kirkpatrick is married and practising in Saskatchewan.

We hear occasionally of those who took their first three years in Medicine in Alberta. Angus MacDonald is an interne in the Winnipeg General. Mark Levey is practising in Edmonton with Dr. Wells. He is leaving this winter for post-graduate work in Vienna. Archie Macaulay is interning in a New York hospital. Cayford, Harold Soby, Willard Haig and Alec Simpson are all in Montreal hospitals. Arthur Haig is doing locum tenens work in Coronation; Kingsley MacDonald is an interne in an asylum in Montreal. Frank Murphy is practising in Maine. Clara Christie is in the Montreal General and Beth Grimmett, now Beth Breslin, is in Providence, Rhode Island.

Births and Marriages

BIRTHS

- WILSON—At Grande Prairie, on Aug. 24th, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. Orval Wilson (nee Jean McIntosh), a daughter.
- CORMACK—At Lacombe, on August 30th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Cormack (nee Barbara Villy), Alix, Alberta, a son.
- ROOKWOOD—At Edmonton, one June 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Rookwood, a daughter, Iris Cynthia.
- BUCHANAN—At Anne's Hospital, New York City, on August 18th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Nelles V. Buchanan, a son.
- GRAY—In July, 1926, to Mr. Harold Gray, B.A., and Mrs. Gray (nee Margaret Perrie), a son.
- SIMPKIN—At Chuquicamata, Chile, on July 8th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Simpkin, a son, John Gerald.
- McCOLL—At Edmonton, on July 21, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. M. B. McColl, a son, Donald Neil.
- GRAHAM—At Sault St. Marie, Ontario, on August 6, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. Nelson Graham (nee Marie Tuttle), a son, Gordon Nelson.
- CAMERON—At Edmonton, on October 20, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. Alan Cameron, a son.
- TEVIOTDALE—At Pasadena, California, on October 17, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Teviotdale (nee Agnes Wilson, B.A. '12), a daughter.
- WEBB—At the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton, on October 23, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Webb, 11108 University Ave., a daughter.

MARRIAGES

- McKNIGHT—McQUEEN—At San Francisco, on Saturday, July 10th, 1926, Christina Catherine, B.A. '23, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. D. G. McQueen, of Edmonton, to Duncan McKnight, of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. McKnight have made their home in San Francisco.
- ANDERSON—MOORE—At Edmonton, on Sept. 14th, 1926, Hazel Mae, B.A. '22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore, of Edmonton, to Mr. Ray S. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have made their home in Edmonton.
- JEWITT—JACKSON — At Edmonton, on June 30th, 1926, Genevieve, B.A. '21, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, of Edmonton, to William Gladstone, B.Sc. '23, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Jewitt, of Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Jewitt are making their home in Windsor, N.S.

LANGFORD—FRASER—At Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Sept. 15th, 1926, Irene B., B.A. '23, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Fraser, of Edmonton, to George Burwash, son of the late Rev. F. Langford and Mrs. Langford. Mr. and Mrs. Langford have made their home in Ithaca, N.Y.

THURLOW—McKITRICK—At Edmonton, on June 30th, 1926, Jean Kathleen, B.A. '25, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McKitrick, of Edmonton, to Hubert James, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thurlow. Mr. and Mrs. Thurlow have made their home in Edson.

REID—HENNESSY—At Edmonton, on Sept. 8th, 1926, Jean Parson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hennessy, of Edmonton, to Charles D., M.Sc. '24, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Reid, of Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Reid have made their home in Cambridge, Mass.

THOMSON—EDGAR—At Innisfail, on Sept. 8th, 1926, Bertha Jean, B.H.Ec. '25, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, of Innisfail, to Lennard Thomson, B.Sc. '25. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have made their home in Swift Current.

RICHERT—CHARLEBOIS—At Edmonton, Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Charlebois, to Charles, '25, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Richert, of Metz, Lorraine, France. Mr. and Mrs. Richert will make their home in Lethbridge.

RANKIN—WEST—At Edmonton, Wednesday evening, July 28th, Florence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John West, of Quebec, to Doctor Allan Coats, son of the late Mr. John Rankin and Mrs. Rankin, of Montreal. Dr. and Mrs. Rankin have made their home in Edmonton.

BUTCHART—ADKINS — At Edmonton, on October 28, 1926, Muriel Grace, daughter of Mrs. J. E. Adkins, Edmonton, to Elwood Alexander, B.A., LL.B., son of Mrs. E. N. Butchart. Mr. and Mrs. Butchart will make their home in Vancouver.

BRESLIN—GRIMMET—On July 3rd, 1926, Beth B. Grimmitt, M.D. '24, to Robert Breslin. Mr. and Mrs. Breslin have made their home in Providence, Rhode Island.

REVELL—MILLS—At Edmonton, on July 14th, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Mills, to John, B.Sc. '26, son of Dr. and Mrs. D. G. Revell, Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Revell will make their home in Lethbridge.

VANGO—LITTLE—At Edmonton, on July 31st, 1926, Annie Ethelwyn Little, eldest daughter of Mrs. W. R. Thompson, of Quebec, to Dr. Harold Vango, Assistant Professor of Pathology of the University of Alberta. Dr. and Mrs. Vango will make their home in Edmonton.

McARTHUR—WHYTE—At Calgary, on July 22nd, Miss E. L. Whyte, of Calgary, to Mr. H. McArthur, '21. Mr. and Mrs. McArthur have made their home in Vancouver.

PARNEY—ARCHIBALD — At Toronto, on Sept. 21st, 1926, Margaret Helen Archibald, to Mr. George Lyman Parney, B.A., LL.B. '24. Mr. and Mrs. Parney have made their home in Edmonton.

LANG—WILSON—At Edmonton, on August 18th, 1926, Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Wilson, to Mr. W. A. Lang, M.Sc. '26. Mr. and Mrs. Lang have made their home in Edmonton.

WEIR—TEVIOTDALE—At Pasadena, California, on July 30, 1926, Elizabeth Teviotdale, M.A. '20, formerly of Edmonton, to John Alexander Weir, Edmonton. Dean and Mrs. Weir have made their home in Edmonton.

MacEACHRAN — RUSSELL — At London, England, in the Scottish National Church, on July 26th, 1926, Elizabeth Jane Russell, House Superintendent of the University of Alberta, to Professor John Malcolm MacEachran, Provost. Dr. and Mrs. MacEachran have made their home in Edmonton.

STOCK—MATTHIAS—At Toronto, Ontario, on July 7, 1926, Margaret Hannah Matthias, B.A. '25, to Sydney Wallace Stock, B.Sc. '24. Mr. and Mrs. Stock are residing in Toronto.

TOMLINSON—McCAFFRY—At Edmonton, on October, 9, 1926, Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McCaffry, Edmonton, to H. O. Tomlinson, B.Sc. '24. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson are living in Edmonton.

PRIOR — MAHAFFEY — At Edmonton, on October 8th, 1926, Pearl Lorena, daughter of Mrs. Mahaffey, to Kenneth H., son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Prior. Mr. and Mrs. Prior are going to Donde, Angola, West Africa, where Mr. Prior will be an industrial missionary under the United Church of Canada.

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